

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Lights Out"

(feat. M.O.P)

Yeah
Gang Starr, M.O.P.
Either ride or be quiet
What we gon' do? (Gon' do), motherfucker

Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all

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Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all (Yo, yo)

Yo, ever since a shorty I was hard-headed and angry
And mad complex and wouldn't let nobody change me
I'm still the same me, gettin' pussy, stayin' weeded
These bitches are starstruck, so fuck the way they gettin' treated

I don't need it, if her head ain't right I pass on it
While you trick sucka niggas be wastin' cash on it
And you don't want it, when the fight starts, you always runnin'
Against me, son, you know the outcome, ya always done

Rhymes jog ya mental like ya pop dukes smacked ya
You need to join SAG (Why?) 'cause you're a hell of an actor (Hahahaha)

After you notice what happened it'll be too late
Can't blame no one but yourself for mistakes you make
And some of y'all niggas are like circus monkeys

Livin' life like worthless junkies
Plottin' against your fellow man, helpin' out the devil's plan
Damn, why can't I trust my own people?
Fuck it, enemies must perish in the valley of their own evil

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Yo, a wise man once said, "Fuck what a wise man said"
Bitch, gimme that bag otherwise y'all dead
Clap on (Blaow, blaow), I can ride right now
Leave you paralyzed from your eyebrows down
I got two parts of my brain, fuck your life on my right

Ain't nothin' left on my left, ain't nothin' right
(I pull up) The kid scope 'em out, I'll thrush ya
For the bread I'll leave ya head smokin' like a muffler
Sick bars, bitch, what up?
I spit SARS, you spit nut up
Bitch, shut up, it's in my bone marrow
Marked for death, I don't even trust my own shadow
When they can't touch who you become
They'll try to dig up who you used to be (Ahh)
Tell them niggas get used to me (Come on)
You can't go back and change the beginnin'
But I'ma start where I'm at and change the endin'

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I do it like I do it 'cause it ain't about the music
Ain't about gettin' through it 'cause I'm already proven
You niggas see me cruisin', nigga, I will lose it
I get on my bully shit, fuck up a nigga movin'
Now fuck who ya crew is, fuck what the true is
Gang Starr forever, fuck what the new is
Lil' nigga turned diamonds to ruins
Ball with your RuPaul influence
Shorty askin', "Who you is?"
Forgettin' I'm praised where a few is
Overlookin' OG engraved on the Buick
Before they let me out the cage for the music
I helped you niggas see exactly who John Woo is (Woo)
Now, nigga, who you is? You overpaid, bitch-made, glitch-made
You headin' for the roof when ya shit fade (Hahaha)
With no substance, ho shit by the abundance
Your catalog sound the same, you got one hit

Lights out (Lights out)